

To Be Seen

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To Be Seen

by [Htmellx](#)

Summary

Will's undoing is surely his Becoming. Hannibal will make sure of it.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will has subconsciously begged for and refused the majority of Hannibal's advances. His intuition is sharp, and yet he's oblivious to why the hair on his arms is raised; an inhale.

The first time, he confronts the man but not before he too takes a breath, consuming.

The next time, goose flesh still pricks his arms, his lips feel dry- parched.

And in the unknowing moments, he is drenched, sweating and open, a metronome of light and sensations pulling his guard down.

And with a frantic snap he'll find himself in a cold sweat, trapped in his head and experiencing a fragmented reality, because of Jack. Will's thoughts teeter between his own and those of the pulsing darkness. He's encouraged to call Hannibal, but instead he grits his teeth and continues on, because he is still quite sure of his boundary. A barrier, he hopes.

But more nights than not, he is drowning. Capsized and reaching to the heavens; sky and thought cracking with lightning his eyelids fluttering to the roll of thunder. The salt he tastes on his lips is heavier, thicker, warm and it's all he can do to keep from waking up coughing, chest heaving, throat stuck.

Voiceless, he'll scream and then search for his glasses, not remembering how he fell asleep or when he took them off. He'll feed the dogs and drink his bitter coffee, cast lures into the morning mist.

Will continues on, a slight weight to his steps, burdened by the incessant noise, the process. Still, there are more cases, more deaths for Will to perceive. He can't tell if he's projecting his darkest desires or observing an offering, one that is solely meant for him. Jack continues to not understand, and the worry, the pity is what begins to make Will retreat.

He doesn't appreciate being apologized for or talked over, and it's all Jack manages to do. Says sorry for him, to the bureau, to the reporters, to his students, even to Hannibal. As if Will can't feel remorse, as if he isn't eaten up by guilt about what's happening in his head. Jack takes the absolution from between his lips.

And the rage that comes, it blinds him.

Teeth grind and try to find purchase in cracked knuckles and split fingers, sometimes it's metallic, jolting Will back to his consciousness. The scent of dead blood and adrenaline overwhelming his perception, a red haze seeping in on the edges.

An inhale.

This time Hannibal is close, so close that Will can feel his suit, perfectly tailored pressed against him, the lines and angles almost displaying it all.

He doesn't feel a chill, but heat and it strikes through him and makes his thoughts lapse, lips parted, a breath in. Awareness swings, just out of his reach and then it's gone, and he's crumbling barriers, speaking on the horrors of his mind's eye. All of the details, the sensations, the urges. They overflow, and are encouraged in the twilight of waking thought.

Will doesn't succumb to the stir in his chest as he passes under caution tape and barred doorways but he's accepted it, with time.

Their time always ends, just as Will feels he might break through; and it ticks away the days, the murders as they become a part of his passing memory. He doesn't know as he treks through the night snow, if he is hunting or the hunted. So Will has taken to checking over his shoulder, almost missing the routine of sinking back into his suit, buttoning up, so he rushes and prepares for his lecture to a sea of anonymous faces.

He can talk then, when he's not looking at their eyes and only listening to the echo of his heartbeat. Just describing, all of the gruesome sights, and intent he's analyzed. The story of the angels hangs heavy in Will's heart, yet he shares it. Visceral and divine, strung out; searching for justice. It's the closest sickness he's felt to his own, the fire in his head ignites as he tries to place himself there, judged, yet justified. Righteous slaughter born from the mouth of darkness, sin and salvation forced to be on display.

Their time ends and his mouth is dry, jaw aching from the resistance of truth. Their observations of true evil, it unsettles the room, and quickly it's emptied. In a rush, they have to accept it and move to the next thing, just as Will has to. Processing each chunk of evidence and picking apart motive, but not getting any closer to the unknowns.

He is disturbed from his thoughts. Jack and Hannibal are both there, getting closer, Will has to fight the fear of the hunted and appear moored, steady in his slipping thoughts. He checks the time, is struck by the realization that it is far too late for the three of them to have had a meeting in the lecture hall.

In fact, it was far too late for him to even be on campus. And now he is face to face with his confessor and apologist. Will can't bear to meet either of their eyes, refuses to look at Jack. Instead he takes in the pressed lines of Hannibal's pants, the odd mat of the carpet, his own muddied shoes. He doesn't want to hear what they have to say, doesn't want to try and guess what they want him to say, expect him to say. Suddenly the darkness is looming again. Larger than in his nightmares, the chill of it making him sweat; the buzzing energy fills his vision, blurs Hannibal's edges, and becomes everything.

Chapter End Notes

Should Will keep fighting against the darkness?

Leave a like so I know you're here! Thoughts? Feelings?

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will feels as if he's just a conduit for all of the chaos.

Chapter Notes

cw/ hospitalization

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There is a sound in his periphery. Pulsing, harsh, refusing to mingle with the even pace of his breathing. It is pulling his consciousness away from the dark, the silence, the bliss. He does not want to acknowledge it, and is suddenly aware of how cracked his lips feel pulling down at the edges. He can hear his own breath, getting heavier, a static texture, fabric over his chest and still that noise. Loud, picking up speed, and his nose he can sense is blocked, but his eyes don't want to open just yet; it is too bright for reasons Will can't understand. Each noise becomes more distinct. Voices, lots of them, from different distances; a phone, crying. He doesn't want to be where he is, can feel the chill of the air on his skin, feels something on his hands, pressure wrapped, restrained. He feels fear now, wishes he could go back to the darkness, the quiet.

The noise of the monitor persists.

He cannot perceive or remember how long he's been here, cannot remember consenting to care. Will is scared. He doesn't know where his phone is, doesn't know if he can even use his hands, and doesn't know who to call.

Hannibal.

Everything-the last thing.

For a moment Will gets to experience the nothing, a chill goes down his spine, the beeping increases. He would like to be there, the darkness.

Someone is yelling yet his ears are filled with a deep thrum. And there is something placed over his mouth, fire in his arm- his vein.

And then he is a river, flowing.

“Mr. Graham? Sir can you hear me?” Will keeps his eyes closed, let’s his head loll. He feels the pressure release from around his wrists, his hands that are still clenched. Then, an intrusion, light burning his pale eyes, an abrupt awakening and the smell of bleach. “Mr. Graham?” The voice asks again, he would like to tell her to shut up, but only a hoarse sound leaves his throat. His lips hurt.

“You are in the hospital, there is an FBI agent waiting to come in here, now that you’re awake I’m sorry they insist-“ she stops as a door slides open, two sets of footsteps quickly enter the room.

“I’m sorry for all the trouble here.” There’s Jack’s deep voice, an apology, “Thank you, miss.”

“Of course Agent.” Will can hear her retreating and it makes him nervous, the thrum stilling his loosened body. The glass door closes and he is trapped in the room again, with the beeping, with Jack. He keeps his eyes closed.

Jack sighs, his eyelids flutter.

“Will, you experienced a mild seizure in your lecture hall. You had missed our dinner, and did not pick up my many calls. Jack confirmed your car was still on the campus, and we came in as you were seizing.” Hannibal. Will inhales.

Of course Jack brought Hannibal. Instead of just checking, he wanted someone to bear witness. To analyze him further.

“It’s a good thing, without Dr. Lecter’s quick reflexes your head could have hit the ground pretty hard.”

It takes a moment for Jack’s words to register, and then Will feels a multitude of sensations, emotions-his memories coming back to him. A soul deep shuddering and yet sturdy arms, before the full drop of his stomach. When was the last time he was held?

He is always too cautious around Alana, never initiating and only sideways hugs, willingly closing off his body language. And now to learn that Hannibal, again is responsible for his agency. Not letting his skull fragment, the rubber stamp permitting his continued discretion in regards to Jack. Will opens his eyes, slowly, keeping them lowered, registering the slight angle of the bed, Hannibal’s suit, Jack’s busy tie. Will reaches for the water on the table in front of him and brings it to his lips, just wetting them at first. He drinks, just a few small sips and sets the cup back down, the effort of movement weighing him down.

Will coughs, inhales, swallows and finally looks up, only towards Hannibal. “Apologies for missing our ah-appointment.” Will’s voice cracks but Dr. Lecter offers a small smile. Jack chuckles and pulls up a chair next to Will’s bed and sits.

“Well, while you were indisposed, there was another murder.” Will can feel Jack staring at him, and Will makes his eyes blank, staring back up at the high ceiling, the buzzing light.

He could feel it almost, somehow, Will thinks. Jack is radiating impatient energy, he isn't pleased to see Will here, like this. It impedes his hunt. Will wants to give the man what he wants just to be rid of him and the curiosity that lingers.

"It is far more than he can handle at the moment." Will tries not to frown at Hannibal, his lips twitch. "He needs to rest, Jack."

"I want to go home." He needs to get home, out of this place, away from the beeping. He needs to check on his dogs and his traps.

"Dr. Bloom heard the news and made sure to go by, Will." The news, another incident. That he's indisposed. It makes Will unnerved and he resists the urge to rip out his IVs and the monitors connected to his body. He needs to stay calm.

"I don't care. I want to leave this hospital." Will doesn't meet Hannibal's gaze and looks at Jack. "If you want you can give me the photos and I'll take a look tomorrow after I have some time to relax. I'll get settled at home and call in tomorrow."

"I don't think so Will." Jack sighs and looks to Dr. Lecter, not giving Will any time to answer. "I think I should get going. Bella is home and waiting." Jack stands, rather abruptly and tries to smile at Will, but his lips don't turn up at the corners, more of a grimace.

"A quick recovery to you, Will. Goodbye Dr. Lecter."

Recovery? The beeping from the machine next to Will picks up speed.

"Have a good evening Agent Crawford." Hannibal waves Jack away as he exits the room.

"What is happening to me Hannibal?" Will doesn't attempt the pleasantries, isn't feeling civil. He is indisposed.

"You had a very high fever, you seized, so far there are no neurological signs of anything wrong. Your blood work is fine. You have a few bruises, no concussion."

"I would like to go home, then." Will spots his clothes, folded, his bag and his other belongings on the table Jack pulled the chair from. "Where are my keys?" He presses the nurse button on the side of his bed and winces as he sits up further.

Hannibal's mouth sets in a thin line, "In my pocket. Jack drove your car here and brought up your belongings, I was with you in the ambulance." Will can tell that the man is frustrated with him, the curt answers, his posture a bit rigid. A nurse, enters the room, and smiles at Will.

"Glad to see you up, you called?" It's the same voice, the one that apologized to him. Her eyes flick to Hannibal for a moment, and then to Will.

"I would like to be discharged, please bring me the paper work. I do not consent to any further medical care, I want to go home. Thank you."

“Well Mr. Graham, I could discuss the conditions of your discharge after your guest goes if you’re more comfortable with that?” This time, she does not look at Hannibal, and Will contemplates if he can offend the doctor any further.

“It’s ok. This is Dr. Lecter, he is...” Will trails off, not wanting to say the words.

“I am his psychiatrist. I am also well aware of the reasons for his stay, and we do have a treatment plan in place for him to be discharged to me.” Hannibal walks over to the table, where Will’s things are and reaches for Will’s bag. He pulls out a blue folder that the curly haired man doesn’t recognize and hands it to the nurse.

“Sure thing, I’ll take this to the desk and bring back the paperwork, doctor.” The nurse leaves and Will feels like he’s invisible.

Things just haven’t felt quite real since Jack started pulling him back into the field. He feels passed through, a conduit for all the death and maybe this is what is meant to come of it, the price of his insight. Will doesn’t want to speak. He most definitely wants to keep from insulting Hannibal, he bites his tongue. Watches as the tall man sets out his clothes, the steady line of his shoulders, methodically folding.

The beeping, the needles, the loss of agency, are all symptoms that aggravate Will to no end. And now to be released into someone else’s care, as a psychiatric patient really doesn’t help his case with Jack, will only lead to more apologies. He doesn’t know what to do with all of the sensory information, the lack of physical evidence for his lapse in reality, the ambiguity of it all. It feels like a direct contrast to everything he was focused on just a few short days ago.

Having to be physically present, retrace every forensic step and commit the patterns to memory. Now he is inert, expected to comply, to rest.

It is a contradiction of his essence, to rest, he hasn’t settled since he left the south. Following his father. Finding him. And then an endless search for evil, Jack picking him and encouraging him to dive deep. Yet there’s Will, forgetting he has to breathe, so each time he has to struggle to breach the surface. Should recover before he dives back in.

He can’t tell if Hannibal is an anchor or the life raft, or something else, lurking beneath the surface. He wants to ask where that folder came from and when he signed he papers in it, but Will doesn’t want to let on that he has no idea. Cannot let on that he is crumbling to pieces. Chum in the water. He can feel the man’s eyes on him, always with the eyes, he closes his own and thinks of the buzzing. A constant droning noise, mindless, the numbing prick of venom. He doesn’t know if this is from his experience or his observations, doesn’t know how to separate the offerings from the offal, all of it becomes his in time.

He knows they’re concerned for him, the nurses-because it’s their job, Jack sees him as a liability, Alana is curious and Hannibal he doesn’t quite know. Yes it’s his job, he has been assigned to Will. But here he is laying out clothes, brings him warm meals, has offered much for what little Will feels he can contribute.

He is comfortable in Will's pensive silence, he doesn't try to fill the space with his own voice, he lets Will just be. It is comfortable to just think about it, but Will has to live it, is reminded of where he is because the nurse comes back in. He has to open his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know if I missed any tags, or any thoughts or feelings about poor Will

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Recovery. Almost like the thundering skies and roaring winds of a hurricane. Limbs that are just dead weight to be tossed out to sea, forgotten.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will doesn't feel like arguing, knows that if it's in the paperwork and he voices his disinterest that they'll keep him from leaving. At least it isn't Jack or Alana, he couldn't bear the pity and the caution. Hannibal won't judge him.

He can feel the itch starting from whatever they administered him earlier. He wants the beeping to stop. The lights are too bright. But he nods and responds verbally, signs when the nurse needs him to, still feeling Hannibal's gaze. Agreeing to the mandatory holding period, a drug screening, a follow up. He just wants to sit on his couch with his old quilt and his dogs in silence, just the sound of the woods, the far off noise of the highway. He hopes he can convince Hannibal to drop him at home and just promise to check in. Will doesn't pay attention as the nurse goes through the same agreement and signing process with Hannibal, instead he imagines what it will be like to be able to lie in his bed, the complete darkness. He almost wants to close his eyes, but there is an outline of antlers and it shocks Will to alertness as they prick his skin. He clenches his teeth against the pain, his eyes for the light as the nurse pulls the needles from his hand and wrist and inner arm, pressing gauze and tape strips over the puncture wounds. It makes Will think again of the strobing antlers, the same sting, a heavy feeling, an itch. Another, solidly rhythmic noise consuming all of his thoughts.

And snapping out of it, brought out by the beeping finally stopping, the monitors being removed from his body.

"Well Mr. Graham, do you have any questions for me?" The nurse is staring at him expectantly.

"No, thank you." Will's throat is dry and it feels as if he's speaking through gravel, she nods and takes the clipboard back from Hannibal.

"Get some rest Mr. Graham. We'll see you both back for your neurological check up. Save travels to the two of you." Will nods as Hannibal thanks her and again, finally, she leaves. Will lets out the breath he'd been holding in, in an over exaggerated sigh and he almost thinks he sees Hannibal roll his eyes.

It makes Will's chapped lips crack upwards at the corners. Breath out through his nose.

He notices the inhale, nostrils flaring. The slight posture shift. Will stares down at his wrist instead. Seeming somehow small, without his watch. It seems fitting as he's losing time, lost without it, an anchor to a metaphysical space. Unreal. He looks at what Hannibal has laid out, the spare clothes, a chunky sweater and bureau appropriate pants, a pair of mismatched socks draped over his boots on the floor. Will is at least grateful for the sweater, he doesn't want to be in the loose hospital gown anymore and is so thankful that he didn't put a button down into his trunk. Wonders where his watch is, grips at his wrist, fingers over the gauze. Hannibal notices Will's borderline destructive self-soothing and takes note, notices the pressure.

He clears his throat, with much the same attitude of Will's sigh and Will does look up at him.

"Will you be needing any assistance in getting dressed?" Hannibal sounds as he should, professional, clinical. But it makes Will feel hot, the phantom feeling of his shirt being buttoned back up, collar smoothed, cuffs tightened. He shakes his head.

"I think I will need help standing though, and I'll maybe try to get to the chair and then change from there." Will's voice is still so shaky, especially as he dares to ask for something, for help.

Hannibal only nods, ever helpful and capable. He lowers the sides of the hospital bed, the ones Will had been strapped to, he moves the hovering table on its swivel out of the way.

Will rolls his ankles a bit and flexes his thighs and calves to try and activate the muscles, to stimulate his blood flow. He stares at the beige hospital socks the white skid pads on the sides and bottom, always too much direct pressure for his feet. He has to stand on those. And then he can sit and get into his own clothes. He has to move each leg, he has to act like it isn't an effort to be upright.

But he knows Hannibal sees him, the contemplation, calculation in both of their movements, oddly mirrored. Hannibal offers his arm, as Will stretches backwards, twisting his wrists and moving his fingers, energy slowly returning to his extremities. His head however, still feels slower than the rest of his body, his throat doesn't feel ready to speak again but he has so many questions. Will uses one hand to prop himself up on the bed and the other grips at Hannibal's forearm, he pushes himself up as the doctor pulls. Will's brain doesn't catch up with his mouth in time, a pained noise passes through his lips as he supports his own weight a deep throb radiating from his right thigh. He feels his cheeks go red as Hannibal reacts to him, keeping his arm in place a moment longer, supporting him. Will steadies himself, grips to the chair instead of Hannibal, grits his teeth against the pain. Jack had said recovery. In Will's overestimation of his resilience and disconnect from his body, he hadn't registered the deep ache and throbbing pain. Sharp sudden points of awareness, exhausting him. The socks press against his feet in all the wrong ways. He doesn't want this. He lowers himself into the chair, the cool plastic back against his skin, the gown. He's not quite ready to know the extent of what's wrong, he doesn't want to have to recover. He just wants to exist without feeling like the FBI has to keep an eye on him. Without the pain.

Will takes the mismatched socks from his boots, exhaling at the pain radiating from his back as he bends forward, taking off the uncomfortable ones provided by the hospital and discarding them on the floor. Now that he's sitting he doesn't want to stand up again, doesn't

want to feel the throb in his thigh, exert the effort to stand up. He doesn't know how he'll be able to trek through the woods and clear his traps, walk with the dogs. He can at least get accommodations in his lecture hall, he isn't so sure about how he will fare in the field like this. He knows that Alana, maybe Beverly, will help with the dogs and keep things in check there.

He will not have Freddie Lounds writing an article about this. He will have to at least be functional to appear at a crime scene. He is thankful that this didn't happen during his lecture, that his students were spared from the manifestation of the gruesome intent they'd analyzed. The reality of it. The toll. All he wants is to feel at peace and so far, that darkness- the danger, has been the closest thing to it. Next, Will reaches for the pants, inhales sharply at the shooting pain from his elbow through his finger tips.

"I'm going to go make sure the paperwork is going smoothly. I'll knock before I come in." Hannibal rests his hand on the back of Will's chair. He is giving him time. Privacy. Choosing not to bear witness, giving Will his time with the pain.

Will nods and Hannibal leaves the room, he holds his breath until the door latches. A hysterical laugh escapes him, then pain takes over. His back, his sides, chest.

What happened to him? Will pulls the gown up his thigh and bites his lip. Dark and almost translucent, a layered storm cloud beneath his skin. Recovery. Almost like the thundering skies and roaring winds of a hurricane. Limbs that are just dead weight to be tossed out to sea, forgotten. He hopes his skin and nerves and muscles can forget this bruise, that they won't have any lasting damage. He knows that won't be true, he already feels like something is different, knows the signs of decay, has seen the injuries, good men turned to human debris. From the ebb of the pain, the medicine, the escape. The currents may pull it away for a time but, eventually it pushes back in full force. The pain, it all moves within him.

Will lets the gown fall, pretends not to notice the dark splotches showing through the pale linen.

He must stand, again. He doesn't even know if he can really walk. Doesn't feel like trying. But he has to stand. Put on the pants, and then he can leave. He can leave. The fabric in his hands is uncomfortable but so is everything else. His own skin, the noises, the crying, the lights. He pushes himself up, cursing under his breath, his knees bend to buckle but he steadies himself, hands on the bed again, pants clenched in his fist. He does not like the smell of this place, the grief of it. Does not like to be in pain. He has always had to push through it, has worked through the mental anguish; has hidden the manic upswings by throwing himself into work and concealing the lows by demanding his space. By playing the role of a disgruntled consultant, an introverted lecturer reluctantly pulled back into the field. He has always been pulled up into his head, but now this, it is different. He is being forced into his body, the pain just as persistent and agonizing as the loop of his thoughts. The weight. His own weight.

He shifts so that one foot is barely off the ground, he keeps a hand on the bed and bends to pull his pant leg up around his left foot. He is almost tempted to sit back in the hospital bed but knows that getting up will be twice as painful. He lifts the other foot through the pant leg and pulls them up, zipping and buttoning.

His hands shake.

Will pulls the gown off his shoulders and it drops to the ground. Will bunches the sweater in his hands and rubs it across his cheek, inhales deeply and aches for his dogs and the trees, the water. Will bites down on his lips this time, as he pulls the sweater over his head, his ribs aching. He wishes he had his watch, grips at his wrists again, putting most of his weight against the bed, the hard frame of it pressing into the back of his bruised thigh.

He takes a moment before lifting his right thigh with his hands and angling, then pushing his foot down into his boot, Will doesn't bother to bend down and tie the laces. He braces against the bed and puts his left boot on.

He bites down on his knuckles and exhales loudly through his nose. Closes his eyes to keep the tears from welling.

Hannibal knocks.

Chapter End Notes

Hurt Will hurts my heart, but Hanni loves him like that !!

Leave your thoughts and comments and well wishes (or not) for Will below <3

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Drifting, floating, sinking.

Chapter Notes

Cw: intoxicated Hannigram interactions
feel free to lmk of any tags I've missed, ty!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It begins with Will refusing the wheelchair that Hannibal rolls in, eyes focused on the folder under his arm. He and Hannibal both know his resistance is solely born of his pride. He is in too much pain to refuse it to use a crutch or cane. His barrier, it is crumbling, his knees shaking with the effort of standing. There is a subtle tremble to his bottom lip and Hannibal devours it, inhales, can smell the creeping fever, Will's sweat and fear.

Gently, intentionally, he pushes the chair against Will's legs. Blue eyes, angry, storming like the sea, turn on Hannibal, a sharp inhale, his hurt.

"I must insist you use the chair, Will. We are quite a bit away from the elevators." Hannibal observes Will's calculation, the tension in his jaw and fingers, gripped in a fist; he waits. Let's a measure go by, seeing Will's focus shifting, pupils dilating, can feel the shake through his hands on the chair, keeps the pressure, is unrelenting. "We have already discharged you, they'll want to come in and change things out."

A sag in his shoulders, his resignation, a breath out. There it is. His affinity-an affliction- for others, the troubles and pain of the place weighing him down. Hannibal doesn't say anything, instead locks the back wheels of the chair, holding it steady for Will to sit. He is pushed to action if he is being relied on, if the need is unrelenting.

That is why he cannot pull himself away from the work he does, why he stays, why he sits down in the chair. He knows that the sickness, it is pervasive; death will forever be unrelenting. The entropy, he cannot fight it.

It continues the moment they settle into silence. The continuation of the tension, the give.

Not that they'd spoken a word to each other since they left Will's hospital room, Hannibal pushing, Will sitting, eyes down. Said their goodbyes, again, to the nurse. Wheeling down the long hallway, out the guarded, locked doors and down another hallway.

They stayed on the elevator for three stops, twice people entered. Then they were in the lobby, busy with people and noise, Hannibal can feel the press of Will's back against the chair yearning to retreat. The doctor continues forward, out the doors, into the cold evening. Tells Will he will return with the car, a nurse waiting beside him, Will saying nothing to them and shifting his gaze to his hands resting on his thighs, preemptively bracing himself to move again.

Hannibal returns and there's the noise, the effort of getting back up and then, back down. Intensifying the thrum of his pain, the throb, the thud of his passenger door. Hannibal's muffled voice speaking in tones of gratitude. Sirens, far off but approaching, the pounding of his own heart.

Will let's his head fall back on the headrest, even though it hurts he has his hands placed over his right thigh. His driver side door opens, Hannibal sits, the door closes.

The air in the car is still.

Will glances at Hannibal. His deft fingers work the keys into the starter, adjusting to the warped grooves, evidence of past attempts at theft, he twists his wrist and the car starts.

Noise. Will almost wants to cover his ears even though he knows it's really not that loud. He wants to sink away into a different noise, a faint memory of steady hands. The smell of whiskey.

An awakening.

"When did I sign those?" His eyes flick to the blue folder that Hannibal had set on the dashboard, in front of him.

Hannibal's hands pause on the steering wheel, they continue to trace the seams as he begins to drive. "They were part of your intake, Jack had thought it best that we discuss and have a plan in place for all the avenues your therapy may follow. You did haphazardly sign everything. It was before you were accepting of my presence but I'd given Jack the all clear."

Will lets out a soft snort, "That sounds almost like negligence Dr. Lecter."

"I assure you Will, it isn't. We did follow up on those details the night after your symposium, and during our the session the next day."

Oh, Will does remember, he was drunk, but he's sure Hannibal didn't know that. He'd snuck a flask to get through the day. To shake the hands, to introduce his students, lead the panel, give feedback on research and data, to go through the motions. The alcohol oiling up the rusted cogs of his socialization skills, it eased him into comfortability in a group.

Hannibal had caught up with him at the bureau after the day was over, and Will remembers. Remembers the sensory details, Hannibal reading and the sound of his voice, but not the words. Will staring at his lips, half listening. In his own office, at his desk, something soft against his knees. Hannibal's voice steady, Will had signed forms, a release of consent so Hannibal could talk to Alana, could bring up his observations to Jack, have his permission.

He remembers being at Hannibal's house for his session in the late morning, but not quite sure how he got there, still in his clothes from the symposium, but his clothes didn't smell like the mix of alcohol and sweat as he'd last remembered. His back pushed against the chairs in the waiting room, the tight feeling of his shirt being tucked in. The stern conversation afterwards, about coherent consent to care, signing the forms, again.

Hannibal's voice, snaps him from the memory, the slight confusion, the haze. "What truly is negligent is forgetting to eat the food I left in for you in your fridge and letting yourself get so exhausted that you wind up in the hospital." Hannibal sounds more affronted than mad, Will bunches his hands in the sweater.

"I got busy with the classes, and Jack. Dr. Lecter I did want to eat it-" Will begins to defend his forgetfulness and doesn't miss the way Hannibal's hands tighten on the wheel.

"Now you cannot be busy with Jack. Jack is now worried with my perception of you, Will." Hannibal's nostrils flare minutely as Will sighs.

"Oh," Will can feel the displeasure, Hannibal's disdain for Jack's lack of scrutiny, his inability to even see his own hand in driving Will to collapse. Seething. It's all his for a moment, and then it is swept away by exhaustion. Guilt. He had wanted to eat the food but he'd forgotten to put the ice packs back in the freezer after getting home late from a scene. He'd collapsed on the couch, not the mattress after analyzing the photographic evidence, feeling the passion, the intensity of the murder.

He woke up in the morning with no time to eat, would be going straight to a crime scene, with no ability to refrigerate the container. He didn't want to let it spoil in his car so he brought nothing.

Noticed the hollow ache, the yearning in his stomach after being pulled from the crime scene by Jack, due to the arrival of Ms. Lounds. Interrupting his process, his mind for a moment, stuck on the hollow scream, echoing on the victim's dead lips. He wanted the comfort of Dr. Lecter's cooking, needed the nourishment but instead he continued to run on empty and drove back to the campus. Rifled through photos.

Taught his classes.

Woke up in the hospital.

Will doesn't reply, he closes his eyes against the movement of the road. Feels the emotions welling up in him, the hollowness of his excuses. The pain of his own, Hannibal's. The noise of the tires against the road in Will's ears is rhythmic and it pulls his focus from the pain,

from his body. Feels the noise instead, the rolling, the smooth sound of Hannibal's fingers sliding against the leather.

It happens as Will drifts out on the drive, the traces of the sedative cycling through his system, he's unable to bring himself back, following the sound of the tires, Hannibal's fingers now tapping steadily, their breath. He settles into the stillness, the light interrupting his darkness, on the backs of his eyelids and the sunlight reflecting from the road. He feels warm, but he does not yet feel comfortable. He still feels remorse somehow, he wants to be forgiven. He just feels and listens, and Hannibal is quiet, Will feels less nervous, the pain isn't so much because his mind is farther away. His exhales become deeper, steady and then there is Hannibal's voice again in his ears, his mind, his dreams.

He drops.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal barely has to try, all he wants is for Will to Become

let me know your thoughts and feels!



Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Will is listening, he is thinking, absorbing the instructions; unmoving and eyes unfocused, suddenly at ease with being adrift.

Chapter Notes

Cw Hannibal drugging Will/needles

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“And you are waking, softly. Warm, safe.” Hannibal’s voice registers to Will’s ears, his eyelids fluttering as the roll of the tires go from a smooth coast to crunching over gravel. “You are waking.”

A bump as the driveway dips and brown curls are jostled, a sharp gasp in.

Waking.

Hannibal allows Will to get a sense of himself, sees him tug at the belt across his chest and waist, the restrictive pressure. He notices the realization of pain, Will’s literal embodiment of frayed nerves and the awareness of weakness. “We have arrived home.”

Will swallows before he answers. “Yours.” He clarifies, worry lines settling on his brow as he unbuckles the seatbelt. He resents his body’s need for rest; that he drifted off before he could tell Hannibal to return him to Wolftrap. He doesn’t want to be rude. Knows his psychiatrist has been through the trouble of looking after him, covering for him.

Will doesn’t like how he’ll have to continue complying because of Jack, because of Hannibal’s permission. His ink and paper obligation to looking after Will’s afflictions. He watches Hannibal’s hands as he parks. Feels something almost like rage at Hannibal’s hands on his steering wheel, but it makes sharp pain crackle through his head and he has to shut his eyes.

“Will, are you alright?”

“Sure.” He responds through clenched teeth, eyes still closed, yet so aware of Hannibal’s presence in his space. His presence in Hannibal’s, they’re in the doctor’s driveway after all.

His home. Will knows keeping his jaw clenched is not making things better, but he simply has to hold position, keep still.

He feels the ghosting of Hannibal's fingers, his pulse, before they even touch his skin. Then physical contact, the pads of his fingers pushing on the hinge of his jaw. Will wants to pull away, but knows the movement will hurt his ribs, doesn't want to be rude. The pain lessening as he relaxes under the pressure of Hannibal's fingers. They pull away, clinical, as Will unclenches his jaw. He hears Hannibal open the door, the movement of his suit, his shoes in the gravel. Still he feels the phantom electricity from Hannibal's touch and doesn't even flinch as Hannibal closes the driver's side door. Will listens closely to Hannibal's shoes, worth more than his car even, as they get closer, the movement of the rocks against themselves, against Hannibal. He counts the steps, holds his breath as they stop. The door opens.

He wishes he could run, burst free and rush past Hannibal, all Will can feel is the seatbelt across his chest, the pain in his jaw and his leg. He meets Hannibal's stare, for a moment and then surveys the driveway, the house and its yellow lighting, the night pushing down around them.

"I'm afraid these rocks may be too unsteady for your injured leg, Will." Cold air, and hot breath, near his cheek. He exhales, tries not to frown or grin or scream.

"I could just recline the seat and sleep here then." It almost makes Will smile, the irritated huff that leaves Hannibal.

"I must insist you come inside, Will." Hannibal's tone leaves no room for humor, he's so very serious, clinical, and it makes Will want to grind his teeth. "I hope that you will not reject my hospitality."

This sobers Will, reminds him of the risk his doctor has taken for him. "No, of course not Dr. Lecter, I appreciate it. Truly."

Will finds himself making brief eye contact with Hannibal, can feel his closeness. Can feel something buzzing about the back of his head, Hannibal's fingers. He is used to the feeling of Hannibal's eyes on him, not used to how his body is suddenly reacting to the touch. He is feeling everything, as he always does-but he can usually compartmentalize, usually the sensations don't blur the edge of his perception. Usually he has control.

He finds himself letting Hannibal pull him up from the seat, the buzz of his thoughts distracting him from the pain, the sting of something cold pricking his skin, heat in his veins, and he is sat down again. Feels the pressure he was missing on his wrists, his eyes can't quite focus but he sees Hannibal's hands, can feel the leather chair, the straps. Then it's his legs, his torso, his head, the pressure is familiar, but Will does not understand.

Before he can form words Hannibal's fingers are back on the hinge of his jaw, massaging, and Will is unable to move, knows if he could his head would fall to the side, his body go limp.

"You aren't even thinking. Just letting the words pass through you, relaxed." A breath leaves Will, one he was intentionally holding to keep himself afloat.

It leaves him, and he is sinking rather than floating. But he is suspended, deeper and further down as his ears absorb Hannibal's voice. There is input, the steady circles of Hannibal's fingers.

The bump and jostle of the chair being maneuvered away from the car.

Will's brain is struggling to connect with his body, not even flinching against the sound of the car door. Yet there is resistance, there is a push forward, the chair moving, and Will feels all the pressure. The need to fold. Suddenly that is all he can focus on, the straps on his legs, his chest, his arms and that pressure on his mind.

"You only need my voice to anchor you in these moments, all moments. You are focusing, falling further and farther down, you are still." Hannibal's voice cuts back through his physical awareness.

Consuming him.

Will is listening, he is thinking, absorbing the instructions; unmoving and eyes unfocused, suddenly at ease with being adrift. Hannibal is still speaking, softly, even as the chair jostles over the gravel Will remains unaffected, a blank calm settled across his brow, with the words flowing through him.

Chapter End Notes

It's been a bit and Will is in a bit of a situation now !!
Lmk if there are any tags missed, ty !

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

He hears all of the times he's begged echoing in his ears, the slow breaths out and the screams, endless screaming and an aching throat.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hannibal takes his time once he rolls Will inside, starts the metronome and continues to speak to him in the same steady cadence. He sees how deep Will is, fully immersed and tightly secured, his mind quite far away. Watches the steady up and down of Will's chest. Sets the water to boil.

This was not part of his plan. He should have sent a reminder message to Will, to guide him back down to this place. Not into the hospital, even if he missed their dinner. The fact that he had called it an appointment in front of Jack was almost an offense. Knows that the way he let Will fall can remind him of that trespass.

The way that things played out, is not an unworkable scenario for him either. This way gives him more time with Will, on an indefinite medical leave from the bureau, Alana already set to cover his courses, Will's scrawled signature in blue ink granting Hannibal the final word.

He feels the hint of a smile, does not let his delight color the soft words he speaks to Will. Hannibal knows the hypnotic has had its time to work its way into Will's system, can feel the way Will is shuddering under his fingers. He hadn't wanted to move this quickly, to make Will become. But Hannibal knows that each moment is a deliberate path, transforming Will into an object to keep and protect. Even if events are reordered they're moments he's picked. Hannibal stands close enough to Will and allows himself to fall into the rhythm and speak down to him.

"Mere moments, you are fading.

Floating.

So comfortable in being adrift.

You don't even have to think just let the words pass through you.

Relaxed.

You are becoming." Hannibal watches as Will's body twitches and his blue eyes slowly flutter open, still heavy lidded and vacant. His hands remain still and open in their restraints,

Hannibal feels himself smile.

Will can hear the metronome, is even breathing in time with it. All of his focus on Hannibal. Even though his gaze is unsteady, he doesn't know where his glasses are, Will sees him. The darkness, bleeding out around him, the antlers and the glow of his eyes. Wet, like blood. A red smile and the outline of sharp teeth. Will is sweating, can feel his shirt clinging to his skin.

An awakening. Becoming.

Something more awful than his nightmares, each compounded fragment of reality that Hannibal has hidden away in his brain, resurfacing. Drenching him in sensation, in recollection. Hears all of the times he's begged echoing in his ears, the slow breaths out and the screams, endless screaming and an aching throat. The pounding headaches, chafed wrists and a silver prick. Then only bliss, only Hannibal. Feels himself waking each time, the lessening fear, feels his lips curling upwards.

"Very good Will."

His eyes threaten to roll as he hears Hannibal's voice near his ear, feels his breath, the draw in and warm air out.

Will can feel the hairs raise on his arms. He settles for closing his eyes against the sensation and clenching his jaw, an attempt to gain control.

"This is my design."

Lightly, deftly, Hannibal let's his thumb and index finger catch Will's jaw as his head slumps forward with a quick breath out of his nose. The tension gone.

His trigger took him down swiftly, Will has no control and his body spasms, weight still supported in Hannibal's hand. Will shows restraint and keeps himself from kissing or biting Hannibal's palm, knows that if he breaks position his weight will make him topple forward from the chair.

However, awareness hits him and his fingers curl upwards and attempt at a fist. He feels fear, more than anger but his body is still rolling with pleasure and the pressure of the straps only adds to what he is feeling. He is restrained.

Supported.

His eyes cross as he looks to Hannibal's fingers supporting his chin. Will isn't even sure if he could sit up on his own without Hannibal.

He doesn't know what he's feeling or how to react, all he knows is the pressure. He can hear the pitch of the kettle change. Dreads the screams that are yet to come.

He is being allowed to remember, all Will wants to do is succumb, let his eyes roll back and forget.

Will can feel the anticipation coming from Hannibal, the shift in pressure on his jaw an effect from his resistance to dropping. He knows this is part of Hannibal's design. He is prey, and the struggle is a necessary part of the hunt.

As is the submission.

Something in Will shifts as the kettle hits it's peak and screams, breaking his focus further, raising his pulse and making his vision waver.

Hannibal releases his jaw with a breath out. It almost feels like frustration. Will hears him move away, leaving the metronome going and his heat gone, leaving the dining room for the kitchen. The noise of the kettle continues, and Will wishes his hands were free to cover his ears, remembers the monitor from the hospital. How he was restrained then as well.

It all ended with a prick, a release from reality and there was no noise, just a steady rhythm. Will's awareness hones in on the metronome, his chin rising and falling with his chest and his breaths. Sinking down of his own accord.

Once again he does not notice Hannibal's footfalls, the clink of the teacups and a sharp breath in. His blue eyes have fluttered back behind heavy lids, he is grateful for the pressure of the straps grounding him and keeping him upright.

The smell of the tea pushes him further into a sensory memory and his fingers twitch.

Hannibal sets the saucers down, on the hardwood instead of the placemats and Will flinches and squeezes his eyes shut. "Are you thirsty?"

Will does not want to answer, cannot interact, he grits his teeth, awareness returning to him. He must answer though. He nods.

Something in his stomach drops at the thought of resisting Hannibal. Will knows his facial expressions must not be neutral, because Hannibal steps closer to him, his warmth returning. Suddenly his fingers are unbuckling the straps and Will attempts to brace himself, steady his sinking core, but his limbs are still useless against whatever substance Hannibal injected him with.

He is steadied by Hannibal's hand, again under his jaw, fingers pressed against his pulse, the rounded grip supporting Will by his throat. Will's lips part, an attempt to catch breath as Hannibal takes it and inhales.

With his other hand, Hannibal continues to undo Will's restraints. Will wants to shout, resist the loss of pressure, as his body loses its mooring and his mind collapses into sensation. Instead he whimpers and the needy sound elicits a tightened grip. Will pushes a breath out through his nose as the straps release from his injured thigh, blood rushing through and nerves prickling alive and pain returning to Will's perception.

“I’m going to leave your ankles attached to the chair. I’m going to bring the teacup to your lips, the liquid is hot.” All of a sudden he his cold again, clinical, and Will feels chills in response to the lack of breath, the detachment.

All he can do is accept and drink as the hot cup presses to his lips, he wants to resist inhaling and tasting the tea. It is too sweet and he has limited breath, pressure lightens and he swallows; he inhales and it clouds his senses. Sweet and clinging, swirling into his head and sliding down his throat. His lips tingle from the heat but he continues to drink, breathing in the aroma and swallowing as Hannibal adjusts the pressure of his fingers to allow Will to swallow. He is already warm and the chills are more present now, his cheeks are flushed and his lips are wet.

Hannibal returns the empty cup to the table and uses that free hand to stroke Will’s hair. From hot to cold to clinical and back to softness.

Will is reeling and can feel the warmth blooming in his cheeks and in the pit of his stomach. Feels another whimper bubbling but he bites his lip instead, blocks the breath and noise from leaving his throat before Hannibal can take it from him.

Chapter End Notes

It’s been a minute let me know your thoughts. Any tags missing?

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Will has not reopened his eyes. Does not want to see the gaze upon him, he does not want reciprocity of his regard. “You’ve sunk so many times, it is what you are used to.”

Chapter Notes

Cw drugging, voyeurism, gore

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You’ll soon be unable to resist it. We both know how pliant and accepting you are. So willing to become for me.” Will has not reopened his eyes. Does not want to see the gaze upon him, he does not want reciprocity of his regard. “You’ve sunk so many times, it is what you are used to.” Will wants to tell Hannibal to stop, to not speak in affirmative statements about his inclination to dropping.

It unsteadies him, makes him unsure of his awareness and control. He doesn’t want to talk back to Hannibal either.

He is becoming hesitant. He has been allowed to remember.

Will knows that this time that Hannibal has him is different than the other times. The many times that he now has access to- he has always had an exit.

The boundaries were set by his obligations. Teaching and working, being present for his dogs. There were murders, minds, mouths to feed. Hannibal had a role as well, to divert the suspicion arising from Jack and Alanna. To be an anchor for Will against the waves of his necessary tasks. He was the sound opinion balancing the pieces of Will’s fragmented genius, justifying his actions, giving them approval.

And now they are both off course. Will knows that Hannibal does not like to be thrown from his routine, knows that he is the cause. And now, awakened with memories, Will knows Hannibal’s ire. His penchant for vengeance and justified punishment.

Apologies and approval. Treading water and being pulled under. Begging for Hannibal’s forgiveness and accepting his consequences. Giving in, giving everything to Hannibal to become. Will’s stomach growls audibly, it makes his face flush but chills raise the hair on his arms. Eyes still closed he sees mushrooms, fingernails, muddied. Can taste sweet and then

savory, a gamy remembrance on his lips. There is the smell of smoke and flesh, the night air. Will can feel himself shaking. How can he have forgotten? After every offering, after every meal? How did he not piece together that-

“This is my design.” Hannibal speaks Will’s thoughts and it dizzies him. The metallic taste of blood fills his mouth and nose. It overwhelms and urges him to succumb. Bees buzz in his ear. They drone and drone and drone and.

There’s the metronome. Steady in the background, as much of an anchor as Hannibal’s voice. He is steadied. There is a solid grip on his jaw and he would not speak even if he wanted to. All he feels that he wants is Hannibal’s approval. It makes Will sick with worry and need. He is hungry, suddenly struck by the hours he spent sedated and unconscious. His bruised body craving care, his mouth waters. He is still breathing in time with the metronome, unprompted yet guided into this very moment. He is frightened at how easily his memory has been stripped from him, Will is now aware of how Hannibal has segmented his stream of consciousness, he has layered the pieces in such a way, obscured and opulent, meticulous, malicious.

Will is not so sure of Hannibal’s intent anymore. He has been gifted back his memories that have been taken from him again and again. He receives the phantom thoughts, too tender to not be his own. All of the times he’s hyper-focused on the sounds, the scents the minuscule movements and breaths; he’s reciprocated them, even if unaware. The clearest thing for him now is the glint of silver, the smell of crimson. His hook, Hannibal’s knife, a lifted fork and vibrant lips.

Will observes, after all, and has become so caught up that he has neglected to remember that he is observed. He has avoided the eyes, has forgotten to consciously track Hannibal’s line of sight. Knows now that eyes are focused solely on him. Will’s realization is seemingly less horrific, the metronome pulses, interrupting his train of thought and each sound becomes a color. The aura ebbing and staining their breaths crimson. The suit rustles blue, and the metronome swings in forest green and Will swirls with it.

Resistance flashes orange and he wants to close his eyes against how bright it is.

“Surrender to me Will, it is so familiar to you.” Words tinted with silver, glittering and drawing his attention.

They thrum, the humming weight in his mind feels light as he listens to what he sees. He wants to cry at how beautiful it is. The memory of a human bouquet, an array of colors, each detail painstakingly placed for him to consume. Will salivates, knows if he were to run his hand down his face he would trail away in waves of gold.

This is muscle memory, the way Will’s shoulders sag, the way he gives in to Hannibal’s influence. Each time he’s lifted an offering to his lips, he’s given in. He’s accepted and become what Hannibal wants.

He knows he is high, drugged into compliance. The bitter taste of the tea glazed across his lips. Somewhere Will is worried about that, the drug screening, his position at the FBI. But all he wants to focus on is the lack of pain, the metronome thrumming in his ears, he is grateful for this reprieve from harrowing sensations. He is being suspended as he sways, resistance faltering and it reminds Will of the ocean. Long nights on the boat, straining to not get lost in the movement of the waves and glitter of the moonlight. Inky blue darkness, under him, surrounding him, the capability to turn violent in a moment.

“And yet you float, plunged into the cold you accept it. You awaken.” Will gasps to fill his lungs with air as if he’s truly been underwater.

The horrified part of his brain understands the power Hannibal holds over his breath, his awareness. He does feel cold but knows his skin is too warm. The friction from his clothes, the straps, their breath. He knows he’s been placed here, an addition to Hannibal’s design. His mouth is watering.

“Remember Will,” Hannibal’s breath is hot against his skin, the graze of his lips spark with yellow, the many times he’s been arranged like this come back to him. He comes back to himself as intended. He willingly raises his eyes to Hannibal’s lips and waits to witness his word. His eyes, they water, distantly he understands that they are tears as rouged as their exchanged breaths. Tendrils in and out of their noses and mouths, a connection, a tether.

Will’s acceptance. His surrender. Hannibal has gifted his memory, his submission back to him. Hannibal has left the horrific details; he intends to blur the gore with Will’s bliss. He revels in the disgust that rolls across Will’s face as his stomach growls, softly exhales his breath onto Will’s wetted lips. He sees how Will is trembling, can smell the fear and desire, is close enough to feel the fevered heat of labored breaths.

A remembrance, Will shudders with each breath and he can feel himself trying to catch up on breathing. He feels quite dizzy from the lack of oxygen and knows he’d stop his breath again if Hannibal called for it.

He blinks, Hannibal disappears and the flash of his hands ripping apart bone and flesh stops Will on an inhale. In his mind’s eye, in his memory, he is not near the water is not wearing his waders and he is not fishing. He is cold and his pants are wet, the ground feels like rocks but they seep into the cloth.

He had been told that the hunt was the same as fishing, just with more action. His hands are so warm pressed down into the beast, and his cheeks sting with the cold. He took it, was calculated, he ensnared his prey. He is in the snow and it is night time, and the pressure underneath him is not enough to overcome his anger. Will’s realization buoys against the deep rolling sensation of Hannibal’s all consuming will. Randall had felt it too, the urge, and it capsized the both of them. Beast to bone and hooked through his core. They had both made it out alive, allowed to become, and Will needed to prove he could consume.

Will’s watery eyes open, gaze unfocused, Hannibal is still there.

“Remember Will.” Lips canary yellow, the silence of a songbird and the crunch of bones against his molars. His mouth is watering but Will does not want to swallow it. His knees

still feel cold, the horror of what he's done is like the grit in his teeth. The drool drips crimson over his bottom lip and down his chin. He sees the upturn of Hannibal's lips and feels orange, but he drips into gold and remembers as Hannibal intended.

The nights where Will felt hunted, where the dogs would bark, and he'd hear the twigs snapping. He'd stay outside with his pack, stayed half turned to see his front door and see the tree line. He can hear his blood, feel the rush of it and it makes his head spin. Will is scared and he does not know why he does not want to hide. He waits for his dogs in the cold, feeling the pressure of feeling observed.

Yet he'd return inside and leave the curtains open, hear the dogs settle in their respective nooks. Will would continue to spool lures in front of the uncovered window, the glass like black ice and all of his focus between his hands, precise. The shine of abalone and the tension of the spiraling line, the feathers against his skin and his complete focus.

He is mostly remembering the sensory moments, still feels the fear in his present state. Is swallowed by his feelings as he watches himself retreat from the window, fingers stiff and eyes still visualizing the patterns he wove into his bait. He says goodnight to his dogs, avoids looking out the open windows, turns off every other light and kicks off his shoes as he circles back into the living room. Will still feels a chill, knows it is not quite from the cold but he bends, back to the window, to start a fire.

He knows it is evidence he should not have but it is kindling now. Iced eyes watch the curling edges of the photo paper, bone crumbled at such a low heat, the blood evaporating and curling away into black smoke. They are the photos he can recall, he discards them. Does not need to cling to the physical any longer. Will knows how vivid his brain can be, watches himself get lost in the flames and sink to his knees from a crouched position. The warmth distracts him from the windows and the cold eyes outside of them.

Still he knows the buzz under his skin is a symptom of his fear. Can't help the way his eyes follow the flames against the stone of his fireplace. The shadows, growing, the heat pulsing.

Will sees himself give in. Can feel himself succumbing in the present moment, can feel Hannibal's closeness. His eyes.

In the memory Hannibal has given him, will is there, mouth wide open and eyes closed. The curtains still drawn and the heat of the glow of the fire against his skin. Can hear his own breath, his own pleasure as if through the glass. Can feel himself craving the touch and the heat.

Now with all his memories he is still captivated. Cannot unfeel his own hands against his skin, the eyes, his abandon.

Let me know if I missed any tags!
poor will

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!